

Book 5: Poems Postponed

Richard J Tilley

Made freely available

self@richardjtilley.space
rtilley4@alumni.jh.edu

© Richard J Tilley. All Rights Reserved.
Uploaded to Internet Archive 2025

Dormouse Tungsten Turnstile on the Albaricoque Treelimb Standard

Bankers pour sandwich lights into the stomachs of angry pot switch camera figures
computation fragments like lasting ghosts of traps and stolen milk-ways frightened
rug-smith frigate bird doormap colliding with heaven and doors broken by crashing
chariots on a boat where the rivers part ways like dancers forming at the lips of God.

“We did not know where He was cursing and bruising the sea,” the weary captain said.
Now we stood on stomachs parting ways with hell and angry letters to aunts and patriots
of outhouses lapsing holes in the portsmith clock streets like a light to brilliant fountain
of antiquated faulty lights like doors that do not deliver me or part beneath a curtain
of God or bemusement of hallowed priests and rabbis, token armies for stolen street-
maps, neither beginning or vanquishing the downstains kitchen appointless gemstone.

Bring the consultation to the digging pier, like a conditioned breeze in the statute of hell.
Bring the reproached porchlight to the dentist pride, for my testing chamber, desire felled.

Drift Ice on the Cargo of Eternity

Verglas on temples
of the old reticular presage
like harm on the antelope's
causeway, froth and electronics

stable home for junior salesmen
across an arch of the empiricists
knowing who to blame,
how to squander, and how to leave

the peaches in the sink for God
to perceive as a cry for help,
along the old cabin overpass
where the stalled trees sing night

for winter's gold-rushed
decillion corporate bouquet
like a wish in the cargo of eternity,
attentively hired for drift ice,

at 4:00 a.m., when the cargo
lays flat for mutual apprehension
patronage sings flat, becoming
the restored donning estampies

I'm so happy you're here

Let's arrive at the beach
and ride our curtain skirts to the worn threads
let us placate the drank sounds of cityscapes
inside the reposing, vanishing sun
for once you drank from my ashplant cider
but now I am memory stalled and sometimes fabricated
tolls beneath the home of mountain scope acolytes
redressing the windows with sand and toggery slopes

I never wanted to visit New York

solander leaf prints par-tunneled
were espaliered on a favored garret
drinking in back compartment
leaves racketing up a forage
transgressing the heart of Cat Power
for lilies and nuclear plant station acacia.
if this is love there will not be leftovers
for radio matches on the ceiling
or peeling starch gripped doors that couldn't find key grips
along the sonic sailed waves.
Hania Rani left her home and surprised everyone.
this was never a home to begin with.
alone. Caveat distance. Westminster pivot foregrip pouring familiar piaffe.
Lou Reed raised me to think New York had a delicate diligent soulless authenticity.
I never wanted to visit New York.

God is quite casual

Talking to God is not a gift for the single-minded
it will eventually drive you past the baseline experience
God appears as an image in your mind that fills a space in the room
He or She will speak, allowing conversation to flow
you can ask the hard questions
He or She may not want to answer, but, with the proper motivation
God will tell you what you are prepared to hear
and God will tell you some things you did not know you were prepared to hear
God is only “angelic” in the sense that you can see something beyond,
but aside from that, God is quite casual
I have a long history of arguing that we have the right
to demand that God interfere in human affairs for the greater good,
it was the premise of my master’s thesis,
and I did discuss this with God, but God showed me why She or He cannot
interfere, and why that would be unethical
and I understood, God was right
no matter how unjust, God was right
no religions, no faiths, no writings, just my big mouth and my tidy ways

West Colliders

there are lonesome boundaries not related to any malnourished Scarsdale trumpet
like musket wolves foraging for laughing friends
in the dulcimer landslide transplant
natural and forfeited among the waiting hour

too tasteful to rest
too resentful to adapt the tasteless beat
like a tent mess with mother and father and uncle blazing finger food tricks
free for the moment in the presence of witnesses
free for the moment

west colliders staking the blame for the mesmerizing french horn bloom serpent dance

yesterday nectar arrived against grey rainbow skies
Aubry's dreams disappeared for the promise of the giving tree in the light of misdirection

with the fortune of tears in the sink of the Albany heatstroke
the magnifier took off his glasses and began to count

Debris of Orison Odes

productive themes to nobilitate
a razor shark holdupper with
barabital rows, slaughtered with

minimal behavior and pellets
for a holdupper's grass pearls
where once there was a savior

on the deck of habitual noise
onto greeting and meetings
too tall to dismiss the formal,

but perhaps too disjointed
and relieved counted blight
furrows of visual perception

colluding now put to the test
the stout regal resurrection,
adjourned for noon breakfast

to atone, like a broom candle
on the mishappenned porch
for swapped orison ode cars

Frightening dreams on the damned face

Authoritarian forms of gummies
and ostrich snacks like paregoric
steel strung memos dancing
in the parasite appendant
entwined negotiated benefits for
burnt cars and lenses string cut
lekker tested moon erased again.

There are no dim cornerstones
or gems so broken as a lost dace
like a dead song betrothed voice
tailored to memorialized homeless
world wars yet to take their place,
their reasons way, their checks,
their chances to take it home.

What is so wrong with Earth outgrowing humanity?

Empathy for Duncan
from Paul Simon
no *spikt* call in New England
of the tawny-breasted flycatcher

Thanking God I am not entitled,
here, thanking the Earth I am not
Her enemy, here, I do not want be
in such foul company longlasting

Though I will share the same fate
and what is so wrong, tell me,
with Earth outgrowing humanity?
This planet was here long before us

This planet will be here long after us,
She will thrive without us, and I look forward
to Earth's happiness in our absence
Duncan is still around here, listening,
for no reason at all, just judging others's
human exercises as though he is life's gift-giver

Soon you will have enough; Song for privacy

The burden of equity
 should have never fell
 on your frail shoulders,
soon the fetish will be over

I am sorry that you never
had enough of these temple
 grandstanding morphing
 duplex homes and crystal
 showers meant for turtle
 doves and tax doves
like lichen sandwiches,
it will be over soon, poor man

 when the revolution makes
 you forget that having was not
 what was important in these times
 like shoulder shower of glee
 and mesmerizing wood-castles

dancing outrageous dreams
when equality films the tide
realized you will see the
importance of booking an
 appointment with God to make
 art for the sake of art, in these
 dreams, dangerous favored
revolution that stare down the
rule of law in favor of a kinder
approach to equity, portending
George Harrison's song-Lord

I will see you
I will be with you
I will see you

You shall all be free
That day under the scaled
blue rampant skies

I hear you now
I will be with you now
Until that day comes

Make an appointment
With the mere thought
And with immediacy
We will begin our session

You do not need to bargain
A finance minister as though
That cluster of maps can hear
not with you in my temple
 away from the call of money
 away from the call of money
 the call of commercial doctrine,
 that doctrine states you cannot
see without the myth of their
insights into old books, Western
philosophy, and pretentious
diverse donkey lifted tales

You are the light of my
loved, scorned, belief
 there are no books for me
 there are religions for me
there are voices for me,
save the ones who have
met me, and that is not
without a degree of danger
 do not go too far in my
 company, settle for our
casual conversation, please
let that be enough, for now

I will see you
I will be with you
I will see you

You shall all be free
That day under the scaled
blue rampant skies

Bridge Escaping the United States

I am ready to dive
off the bridge
of the United States
and be swept away
slowly drowning
in the waters of
escaping capitalism.

The music, oh,
the sounds
of the sinning
angel grasping
the broken harp,
teething harmony
and denying speeches.

If there was just one
more astute body
to pardon the coins
that blend in
with the passion
of the dark threaded
dunce on the donkey,
resolution would
find appraised elation.

When the soil entraps us with brooks and pyres

your wasted framework usurps the gabble of temples
all that is or was my home, abandoned just as She/He has left
it is quite possibly a matter of time before we will all answer
to the cannibals of cold sands and biting temperatures

the summer will leave no immediacy of relief for dime hustlers
on the primate line too loose to hide their eyes from a brook
over a patch of bluegreen grass that has not only tolerated you
but allowed them to blossom here in the same space as you

where the grass and water stream must of known you would
be eaten in a matter of time, projecting time as your enemy
and not the God the soil worships that has entrapped us
seething entry into the pains of regal symmetry and donned pyres

Lip Service to Liberation

Our generation has no reason to ask,
“How could people tolerate slavery?”
because we are tolerating it right now.

Our generation has no reason to ask,
“How could people tolerate genocide?”
because we are tolerating it right now.

Our consciences are seared.
We are lip service to liberation.
The gulags are met with our conceit,
our exhibited laundry of criminology
and brokered investments in veils.

Let your children be watched
by your partners in crime,
your mother, your brother the
constabulary making a shaft.
The school pencils in backpacks,
with room for laptops and guns.

You did this. You wanted it.
You do now. You allow it.
This is of your making.
You are the reason
for all this suffering.

But go on your weekend
cute-meet march, in safety.
Condemn the collective
that puts itself in harm's way.
In service and devotion
we have lived up to our evil gods.
An operative, transactional
marriage with no tools to create.
The only sign of progress will come
when the wheels of the chariot abate.

Swarm of the 70%

Hundreds of thousands of people are swarming in the place of forgetful attitudes and free will; the Capital contains no grounds for the seeming contribution of dolorous meetings in cabinet-proof weddings strikes. Like wormwood and grasshoppers of hortatory doctrine, dismissive of the central focus: To protect those walled inside so that they abide by the law of one. What no one knows, what God has said, is that 70% of the population are ready for revolution, to overturn the feigning weight of sterile devotion of causes of grandeur like a tick in the hairy places of pasteurized and poorly trained youth, disregarding the timeline of now.

Where the meeting places follow should never be recorded. Never revealed to the 30%, just as they have so aptly concealed their presence and roamed to power. It took motive. It took intent. It took a total disregard for the value of life. The 30% are believers in a total regression. Vegetables are a safe-word, a safe place, what all is in common holds these coffee factors. To one to tell all, to none to tell anything, do not even trust your spouse with the rising. There are fabricated movements in the footprints of your slipping agriculture – wine sipped too fast. When the people have chosen, all will break undone.

Cut the parachute off the moon

If you were a kind person you would cut the parachute off the moon,
all possibilities, and details of duty, coalescing greed with the overtime
of dirt and hand braided bags left out for timid engineers on a totalitarian's
salary in defense of cooper mines gambled away last Tuesday. Your filter
is your oscillating fixture unimpressed with the curtains you have ironed.

We lost the root ingredients for oxygen somewhere between the birth canal
and the grave all the while purchasing gasoline for our mini-jets and bark
burning thruster-packs. In rooms where even the booze is unattended to,
the light bends for favors from a forgetful god like a storm in the passage
that belifts towards mercy and caravans onto Monday like fires awaiting.

A nation that's greed demands that the disabled must pay their own way
is unsustainable towards the evening drive to heaven that you count as your
excuse for one-man freight-shows where most of the story is never told.
There will come a day when the cursed servants of greed will not benefit
from their seared consciences, instead only coins to purchase a boat across.

Between the páramo and cold Georgia nights

Processes of lambent rescission pleads docility
where Viridian Metatails scatter the páramo,
instilling charm into the otherwise criminal
staples of homes and buttercream stand-offs
graced by today's lost journal-smith pleading
with a boast like a fusillade of bird droppings
on the smoking center of ecological growth;
now narrow, now nationalized into a partaken
Ostrich Crow skipping its morning meal
across a dozen lanceolate witnesses.

And we were there. Silence-thin witnesses.
Like Andreas Vesalius high on matted Turtle Wax
and drogue ceiling cakes diving into the morning
trains where weather-bound cynosure birth centers,
alone and distinguished, stays between the pride of
April olives and sterile grapefruit-coins. We will not
know Her/Him until we have overcome the whittled
resonance of likewise locusts, frogs, and horses
of our own economy and biosphere; regrets exhumed,
like lost sand in the passion of retested agricultural stars.

The distant southern Georgia nights rein in
the frost of the morning bullet-sand, where
washed clothes left out all night scream
into the páramo, embedded into smoking dross
witnesses like a silenced train far too frail to return
the comment resembling a split indecision part exchange
where tulips are meant to grow and take down patrons
with dull-senses of worn-bind passions. Like a garden snake
relaxing and gratified and finding purpose in its meaning.
Like a cat in the furtails of oblique laundry lines, total implicated

The traitorous ambassador and his murderous gardener stopping tanks in Virginia streets

The traitorous ambassador took his murderous gardener
by the hand softly and they stood in front of the tanks.
Alone they intimidated the commander of the forces
on the streets and stopped their advance into town.

Like pulpits to the movie stations that gave
roguish myths peace of mind for tabletops
and the censure of the trade of malfeasant arms
sleeping and abating in jars of smoking sponge rhythms.

Bacchanal worshipers with whisky and beads
defending Virginia like and obligee to a law
of God or Gods or Term of Law or Rules Forthright
that took a joyride in their minds until the evening.

And that night the animals of the county woods took everything.
All their gathered arms and defenses were stolen by the raccoons
and rats and possums and squirrels that had since learned how to build
homes and hospitals and grocery stores, all for their own kind.

The murderous gardener decided to offer his service to Sammy the Snake,
seeing his house was the most elaborate and best outfitted with armament.
He might appreciate a good garden, the murderer thought. Sammy offered him
room and board and the traitorous ambassador banished him from human dwellings.
Throughout Virginia, as the government tried to seize town by town, the people
found they could fight back with the blessing of the now conformed animal kingdom.

When Gabriel Was a Woman Who Gave Me a Name

Earning dance-frabjous daemon synchronous compositions
like David being robbed from the grave to be dismembered
by the women of arch justice appealing to the lost, “Do you hear
the sound of the wicked wind?” while a donkey transverses to
Russia and appeals to the mortar of the patronizing gait.

A compass to England in wasted plaster weddings

Mocking the cotton webs like satisfied calculations of a dirt weasel
redeemed on parts uncertain with parts of curtains washed by hand,
swabs away from inhibition, sways in a dusty sabot moon now dank,
untroubled joystick start with the risen dead asking first the question,
what tailor they use in the kingdom of skin measurements, begging,

Globeflower dressings like scattered cabana filled procurement,
stocked with August mornings; oh, how to send lost journals,
a compass to England as if they could speak for afterthoughts,
unleashed in the West alone and rested here rusted and beside
the Channel going to waste on the roadside chrysalis of battle,

Cold upon the newsstand of old memorized crying doctored
hosts standard tunes where no one can be conjured outside
new packaging a compassing to England on a morning now
with a lack of oxygen or field weathered exposure with pills
like the stigmatized light in the symptoms en bloc for journeys

If I could only send the letter I meant to send to the horns of the
trigonometry of weather and frightened story-maps like warm
Sunday Ground-Tyrants, sailings towards to the cutoff curtains
where you hid your upset soulmate like a cigarette in the haste
of portrait farms in the darling of wasted plaster weddings.

Godless Famine

lawyers are standing at the honey milk cafe, inconvenienced and patting
their shoulders for a moment, while spiritual Sand Partridges whisper
the ostler diplomat coins were wrong, no, it's not going to be alright

if nation-states cannot act in the best interest of the most vulnerable
there should be none left to exploit this earth or benefit from the grace
of oxygen that so few know, there should be no images seared into our minds

70% of the population wear forecast cables like the repetition of brazen prayers
with hard won sustaining food slipped onto flotilas just outside of Gaza facing arms with
US munitions that are designed to protect the sovereignty of needless, merciless ends

soon Gaza will be gone, survivors deported, Israeli murderers "just following orders"
borderlands justified by false gods of nationalism and racism and non-interference
Israel, following the wayworn worship of an idol, not able to speak, not able to restrain

Margaret and her asbestos gods

alters of birth and rain cloud dust
when given names are admonished

like scare-tin wedding maestros
giving a shake of hallway calendar wall

there the dust migrates to shelter
from rain clouds never scolded or marked

with a tangential compass like passions
along to ghost rattled alleys where

Margaret met the solar myth saints
like the asbestos gods of town hall funds

divings, strivings, not following your leadership,
but a compass made for stars

What a joy not to be touched

Memphis memories like two weeks away from the station,
pomegranate juice and filet mignon on a George Foreman grill
in the bathroom of the bed and breakfast, with the window open,
so the smoke and smell will escape and the owner / overseer might
not catch on to what were doing, though she heard the bed certainly

Property and flesh are really the same thing, the owner / overseer
must have been used to too many beds, too many eager pedestrians
wasted in the disease of the desire, we, so cognitively young, so abstract
bending a balance pole like a wasteland of paramount sheets and forsaken
understanding, just give it a few years until the flesh grows tired, and distant

Your fetish attributes took such advantage of my foolish heart that I now
cannot be touched in any capacity, no arsenic or railway ropes tied, but I have
you to thank for the happiness of the release of youth and abandoning passion,
no tribe to spend my efforts on, no coupling, no person do I come near, such joy
that you will never know, solitary – a body made for myself alone, truth transcendental

Fasting (*Original*)

I am a northern trotter abandoned by my mate
the children are grown and have long left now
I do not know how to subject this ardent space
or to find new partners, I am imprinted by her
fierce smell, it will not leave, the waters
of Costa Rica do not cleanse me, sterilize me,
not to the extent to allow me a new start.

The soft vegetation between my toes, I smell,
but does not offer perfumes or a notice or entreat
of regret or even remorse for having come near you
on that first day as if I had a more than a moment,
you were so hungry, and I, could not consider,
I was happy to break your fast, you were grateful,
but only for a moment, then you were seer-gone.

When Dad Lies About a Failed State

A failed state
is a partner in crime
for the majority
of the population
whether they admit
their passions or not

A failed state
gives them opportunity
to curse the curly headed
family that walks side
by sided seeking justice
but he lies, he lies, he entwines

Jane Jacobs did draft chiaroscuro taunting landscapes for common divorce

northern trotter abandoning soft skin dorsal mates en tangible,
where the children are grown, having left the carpark bench,
I do not know how to subject this ardent space with calluses
on walls with familiar stench, I am imprinted by her cold
fierce smell, it will not leave, the waters of Costa Rica
do not cleanse me, sterilize me, not to the extent to allow me
a new start or harboring accident that I might mail to China.

the soft vegetation between my toes, I smell, in my stomach
passively, but does not offer perfumes or a notice or entreat
of regret or even remorse for having come near you on that
first day as if I had a more than a moment, you were so hungry,
and I, could not consider, between the CIA interludes and spatial
harmonics, I was happy to break your fast, you were grateful, hope,
but only for a moment, that lasted long enough for your flight to Japan.

gold reserves causing sinus infections for the mass hungry dwellers,
good friends never leave an arena of proximity, or vanish like city
nightshades, chiaroscuro taunting landscapes where Jane Jacobs
smokes cigars with Pierre Abraham Lorillard in cafes in the Dominican,
like two sovereign states coalescing upon downpours of salt and transit
tainted raincast rocks like those you took with you where you lost your love,
Corcovado National Park, where you tried told hold the marriage together

The Rushing of Seconds

the rushing of second helpings
left dilapidated by nominations
for a nominal portraiture of cast
handcuffs in roles of stymied chorus
verses like the sand of second hell's
beleaguered equatorial bell-ringing

Soul in Orbital Decay

War loans and stock in carabineer
stethoscopes, like blue Mondays
in the settling fall afternoon,
too much in totality to pardon the whisper
too much in gravitational distress to spare
an incisor for fall afternoon, for Monday
when the orphans of the desert take up arms
and are not recalcitrant with the witness in orbit

state house fairground

I crossed the bridge into the desert,
time accosted me like a fortune
stolen, robbery-smiths nations
come alive with the driven monastery
alliances of firearms of misery
of millions. Come gunsmiths,
come baby carolers like the
mono-stream vacuum of love
and trust and vacant descent,
development fordo cold sweat
cries in the patterned ashtray
of holy brother's confessions,
wading into sandhills like
streamlets hovering on hindsight.

The futility of hope vs. fir cone crabgrass nearshoring

tedious concrete blades like merchant class
echocardiograms lifting sand in scraping nebulae,
we won't think, not to retire re-tuning spires
or sensationalized black spores drinking at
mid-evening dives for lost love giving him
sinking rain from night skies like abraded skin.
he did not understand you, and you did not care,
and the merchant class continued to champion,
with its concrete blades and scraping nebulae.

Different Tines for October Crops with Rabies

Planting an address of different lanes across a multilayered systemic pasture like fractured, timed lines waiting on markedness of peeled on sticker arms and sunset ammunition barred from communication never to let the kids win they will not be falling into these portraits like diamonds hazed in the Apostle meat tearing. Saying goodbye is a documentary of touchpins inside a wasted docked memory of totalitarian-smith goldpipe resin with fruit and cheese and porking knives that lifts perfumes in the snare. Soft and aposematic fealty to our endenizen awakening and inner indemnities against their song of wine, like a tragic compass invested in dogsongs and virgins catching on any night how their fathers were and the sacrifices of those that came before in stance.

Dorothea's Participatory Lyric

I am here
Just a blaze or symmetry of molasses
And graves of early-sighted poets
That have never seen crushed fruit
Or flirted pretentiously
With skyscrapers in August
Mines of collective waste
Buckets like gold and pearls and filler
Restored for the resin or inarticulate postings

Now, I am there
Never too timid to be a wasteful master
Along the water and the portion of the memory
Like a patter of weddings and treasured givings
Tomorrow left for the day it brings
Much like the day of immeasurable hurt
That one man can feel in the arms of a saint
Of a magistrate "founder" like oil canvas measurements
She told me she would not task remedies for verse forever

She is here, in a makeshift theatre
Obscuring the partial observing reason like logic disposed
Where planets orbit in the way of the vision of constellations
From our breathing to theirs, from our wedding to this invitation
In repose to the doorsteps of grandiose matrimony and sent hires
Desire left unattained and un hoped for, not desired or needed
Not here among the counted bliss of abject harmonies
Not here among Dorothea's side-eye and self-congratulatory expectations
I suppose Dorothea is here to stay, a gift for a reason, less obvious than most

Of the Temple Doormask and Retreat for Keymakers

Grocery clerks are diamond mines for carol singers in this coin of feat.
We were all humans at one point, but forgot our potential to be sand
along the Earth's edges of the sea, Normandy cowhands or just visitors?
Coin-tossers on the platform of a temple doormask or marked persuasion
of embedded solitary arms with grey defeated uncles of passive language,
tell me what God this is you have here, or what God you see in your mind's
third eye that would allow a reason for office space without trees for birds?
Previous verses recall the art, stealth of Poseidon, gifting anniversary lines:
The birds are God. The birds have always been God. All the birds are God.
The Ancient will Hear the most vulnerable call for a medical intercession.

Thus Spoke the Unnamed, Unknown God

As translated by Richard J Tilley

Sacrilegious poet

Now is your time to die

In which Dorothea sits behind me flipping the pages of my life

Staggering is her ill-willing *gift* for God's staggering dockhand felt temples,
in our souls and in our hands out stretched for each other, but not needing to control,
she does not seem to like me, but makes it clear that it is out of spite, she enjoys it,
because I rejected her first, with the grist and the hammers in the hand of orphans,
no more sunny days, we must be getting close, "temples," she repeats, and not off hand,
are in our rearview mirror, as we have passed the time to change motives, curated solifluction,
and now must coalesce around a mountain of obscurity and disconcerted chain shift willows,
for it is not the anger of the masses that brings revolution, not anymore, new thinking, new...
the reverberating echo of her voice is an unnatural hapax legomenon pretending not to stare,
flipping pages of magazines of my past, un-distorted, why she needs to judge me, read me,
in unknown and un-welcomed, which only confirms her battle lines against me and haste,
she should not have kissed me, I can never be touched and not be resentful, it went too far

squared market concrete-loving marches

broken form inlays dominate the arena crowd
like salads at the ends times marches curated
by fans of missteps and flagrant boyhood

they did not know they could have stopped the show
the sound, the row row row, the garden throw
like a sparked cascade into a written lost journal
they have impacted phone booths from being seen
they have given concrete a reason to be, but change?

now along the darling grass white fleeting growths
on our spines and our leggings with the appraisals
of obsolete currency chipped away on squared markets

go back to your treasured backyard pools, your evening
commiseration with the neighbor and their farthing dog
like planets in the sunshine, your are best kept in stations,
documented as absent in the important moments, nodding
your heads like grill canister cakes and consequential BBQ

the foundation of the centered path
is the last line for laughs

Letica Saints Wade in the Water

Our tousled materiality and scope of reasonable diadem –
hearts are dancing doubt in the cargo-river of Letica
where beer, sugar, and rice, on the backs of dock laborers,
invigilate silk stockings and morning Inland Dotterels
deterioration tender money string puppet chain currency
global wading ignored where Sam Cooke is at a festival
for infant motels at die casting morality and evening lenses,
grateful Edith Keeler goals like fire hydrant presidents

The Symphony of Tired Soot in Restraining Trembles

Beauty of moons untempered like lips, like fomenting grass curtains growing before tempo rides, show tunes where Scrub Jays like God pasteurize guns in the fostering heat of a dozen squires. Each and every one of my songs envelope a message of prosperity like the thunder of running dogs, backing heat, crazed beats that do not give chances for barking or palms in the squires of sleep where repetition is God's diamond cursing book never meant to be attributed to Her/Him, but we will take the greenery like folded chairs on the porch of a cabin in the woods where we can think, away from the deleterious fear-grown rapids of silly games where Amsterdam journeys and hope trials like singing "The First Noel" did not mention you with the weight that She/He ever intended. Now come near, and hear mean jewels that I will give and you can take if you act. Burglary crescent for today is just a shovel and tomorrow is a broken heart. I have been dismissed by black curtain rooms and I do not intend to let you go unnoticed while you work the dismissive and coldhearted. Stoops of wicked solidified, rollicking tempestuous grips of stationary stairs, on hips of milky coins.

A constellation of the retired house you're in

"You didn't eat my body
You ate books of my body,"
or, so said a voice in the
doormask night.

"You did not want to win
You said you would not lose,"
or, so said a voice in the
doormask night.

You are gentle Aberdour furnishings
like paths to a fabric night filled with
needle lit foothills and allegorical stills,
nocturnal businesses, tailored demurred
tempers walking into treated wood, night,
where seismic coffee shakes never politely
makes graceful stars, never giving me cover.
A constellation of the retired house you're in.

not the chariot, or the escaping fire of our port

burning books and naming the dead after various chores of avoidable regret –
constructs of elk in soft portions are drinking in heaven's spas and toasting to hell,
like Labrador Sundays on the ocean's lawn impact on nicotine whales and krill
where the dominant factor of love's aging glory is in the power-smithing
of one for another, one the last, into an enviable position of a harp's kissing,
smiling defense of October weights, weather-cycling like a vast, elder's sold tret –

dancing aphorisms lactate like fenced-in orchids in the steel-wind defeat of a report
modeled sulfur-October like a May-blossom bride of crying hands upon hands on retreat
from the counterrevolutionary argument that light steals the open window's gaze,
stocious ferns mock the second stamps like a hydric-shrub tossed upon neighborly brae,
will of might mass-produced camper van trials for blister-seething outreaching second souls,
pageant regiment's peaked first tour with encompassing spirit, but conviction cannot stay so

nor can compromised "angels" stay forever if the moment gives its due with false-wonder, relapse,
or journeys of acclimated witnesses no one can dine with, or see, or present arguments here past,
just a tree in the wilderness making its domain among the fallen leaves and a European Robin's
habitat like a smoked Sunday pipe, fostered in fossa metre, where dogs bark at the rain, sobbing
in defiance of swiped fruit and olives like a caster of wedding bands sold to incongruent dams
and shallow wishing wells for sanctified bills of passageways like railway lights's lying stance

pasture chords with returning rhythms in the seasons of lofty overt victuals and not enough scattered
sugar in the sound of her planks, contemporarily, like a creature that has come into my station
for shelter and safety and did not mind meeting me, fulguration in distant cadence agroforestry,
condemned rights where songs go to live in small boxes until it is safe, cordial and lovely,
witnesses of history masking visual reception in the offense, we find the tussling of our gregarious
approach, not the chariot, or escaping fire of our port, to be the reason autumn moves apart from us

when the moon tires of the explicit audience

the moon is God's son born out of wedlock
while Earth is suffering from the privilege
of being called "God's Creation" – She
is bought and sold, among common degrees
like a fence to a light post, their shattered
casser army's stifle creed of excavation
where they imbibed their free texts until
the explicit audience heard from heaven,
"Now go no more."

fractal dollars for a hostile church's porcelain lamps

macron dirt bellows for Princeton portion ice makers on cluttered shelves
in the rueing filter-piebald horses's whisperings where fathers fear hammers,
ejected, like smokestacks over contrite Sunday packages stolen from the lawn
of the kestrel's allied following, degraded among the common illmannered
stag coefficient with closed-door meetings, like an empty hostile church,
Monday cider with crested and emboldened gold stamp errors lost in lucifer's
broken down fractal time, where dollars greet heads of state with porcelain lamps
do not sell another person's labor and do not sell the Earth, imprint dross birth

lubber line proximity (Prince of Memphis, Part II)

where the professors are tying knots in agriculture bluejeans on soft curves
like fickle grasshoppers shot on stones of ivorysmith hope-filled dockwrecks
casting about, on total and complete communication cited commercial tales,
here, remarked on pages on abattoir doorlocks of holders, dose-riddled flags
foreign occupations egress within tin-bronze whispers know-page running,
ripped apart fort lubber line friendship of equals – for infodemic tossed,
never deserted, blinded, the patronage of forestry dwellers, today Memphis
beaches of children tired from the drive to robbery skies of God's signature

all but signing loud

the dowry of our lumber lights
placid and fractured
like two gazing suns,
one upon the other, in a rage
of god's stowaway gifts,
stuck in natural patterns,
and assured of the tempered pace
of doing nothing, but signing loud
with pen and pad and head
tossing in the grievance
of our spirits's misplaced
encumbrance and battle
muddled, knocking sheave

Yet Another Pace Station

A keepsake from the butcher's market, tolling,
down the flood of stars like an indispensable
explanation, untold, under lead and honey
where the feast does drive aside for fragility,
struck anchors, and film mast cornermen.

An old apricot sundae like leaf bugs in
hotels pillows, never in your trunk, so
cemented in the innocent neighbor stall,
bottles crashed against sidewalks, now
pretending to talk, but are only ice stems.

Arrow storks that leave the rooms, eager
to dispense written pale, stealing quarters –
deck plate hands do not give witness to or
easily admit to being wrong; patrolling the
new station for constraints on sleeping Earth.

In the far-near future we will see weddings atop
frigid stock boundaries and crying detours,
maps where delinquency helps temples at bay,
speaking with light, communication the source
of harvest wells and window crest dry figures;
under the certainty of won-patron free texts
and living through the roughest-cut demands.

The Heartbeat at the Theatre at the Plinius Crater

The family has driven from South Dakota
to the lunar bases on the Plinius crater
seeking a warm coat like a sponge
without an ocean for cover or still lining.

There is a theatre on Plinius just over
the family doctor's foothills that boasts
a yearly showing of August Wilson's
Pittsburgh Cycle, sometimes it rains.

Dad has never seen an August Wilson
play in the theatre as he prefers to read
plays from paperback doorstep copies,
lasting until the end of the century, still.

It is worth a trip to the moon, I tell
him, knowing, he needed to see his
doctor anyways, and this was the
perfect excuse to get his check-up.

Now I will just have to take the doctor
aside and get him to covertly check dad
for dementia or Alzheimer's, because my
father has refused to get tested himself.

The theatre of family politics is almost
as daunting as the difference between
reading a play and being in the theatre
yourself, immersed in the same heartbeat.

Root Fragments of Salvage Parts

There is a zebra in my bathtub, speaking,
“Some constructs are louder than pearls.”
but there is a zebra in my bathtub.

There is a frontosa cichlid in my bathtub,
speaking, “Just how loud do constructs get?”
Meanwhile the zebra digs a hole under my house.

There are already many holes in my front yard
from where I tried to offer roses to China,
but she refused me at every turn, leaving a mess.

However, I do now have enough roots for soup,
maybe even tea. I am going to fill the holes
in the yard with books and submit a FOIA
request to my soul, I can't help but feel
like some fragments and songs are missing.

Songs kissing under the branches of buried
beaches like long, feathered bow ties that
stretch across my neck where the wolves
gather – like at their staple foods restaurant,
lapping up the tainted fluids of my salvage parts.

impecunious longshore drift

dotted notes of mercy
clamorous and printing

few books knocking
doronicums deinstalled

dispassion eloped,
a weighty egress
now disdained

walking into substrate heavens

new gifts for retired subsidence names
under conquest signing tears guffawing
all across the bay of Armstrong de Price

where tattered shrieks map orchestration
and maths are stated, somehow condensed
but not equated or populated topmast credo
where pearls feel shame and sing and play-act

across dalmatian orchids with medium
format cameras for faucet rains like downy
omni-chords of God, stating in a small voice,
whispering, "try again," not to be repeated,

and we evacuated the cups of concession
wrongful exercises and deliquescent bypass,
stationed ourselves above the radio's nest

never to learn how to play the station
behind the static, far in the city, away
from our civilization, away from our proximity
of hope, away from doors slamming against us

bellicose nestling stars falling on factual frames,
on cabinets and horses passing by widows, still,
whys and woes excoriate hot wind, strangers tie in
"Silver Bells" on parched land and venom groceries

a Western Barn Owl's feet never leaves a question,
remarks on the split occasion for a forest trap, now
this timber song, but they rent the vehicular romance
that we are not to care, not too strongly, not dedicated,

do not make death problematic, do not disagree
upon ice stone hiding depression or wintered thoughts
from neighbor spies hearing in tin stems of fights
in the grocery store milk carton cartoons drawn flight

supplicant ill will suffers one stagnant loss, en mass,
despite abuse of power, nocturnal demands a weakness,
worshipping command cooperation to be under restraint,
present in the daytime to make victorious vails in their vapor

forty-seven revolutions dimmer

hope drafts its own policy
and conspires its own ends
like a snake walking
towards a stone drift

birth is magnified conceit
to bring you into the fold
that allows you a brain stem
and poppy siblicide pelicans

forty-seven revolutions dimmer
wishing I was in Canada
there doctors grants wishes
obvious rose spectrums dim

as a late teen I thought *A Prayer*
for Owen Meany was a promise
that I, I, would make it to Canada
be released, into the Promised Land

griefmaps like elephant tongues

it's the hot pipes
coasting down the hills
like rooftop Schneider
waiting again to smell
the escaping fires
from the astray dorms

disrupted from shadow-
affairs, like a griefmap,
and trucks dragging homes
off their foundations, horned
Tursdale garden shadows,
Schneider passes from dawn
electric half-hall mines, moving
over the griefmap, the rain
here and on elephant tongues

Past Marriage Rings Cuffed Neatly Between Nation-States's Grocery Bags

arousing discomfort like bags
of headache powder towering to hell

Paris dancing with glasses of water
and Snowy Albatross turkey meat grind

the blank screen after the anthem
smells like vanilla groceries

and carefully adapted sock hops
that could not hold in their excitement

for ash-riddled Peperomia Burbella-curly
and solar excavations like tired eyes

in the great castles between here
and death, loosely off the Earth

loosely off our shoulders, commending
the excitable page number,
on the finally accessible text
upon one's movement past matter

when the gentlemen doesn't look both ways

a father's crumbs at the sergeant's table
laced between ornery thumbs, standards
on the bottom of the plate working through
a payment for rivers of curtains and curtains
of rivers, tired, like a total thumbbed bastion,
regal, and delivered from charred defalcation

the congruent mercies of gravel ponds

spherule newscast ritual mechanics
mountains descale sedimentary lining
chains hold the tip to the surface, waiting,
like peach orchard antagonist books scaling
the subsided wanderings and brooked control
saying, “I will not be there when you need me
next, because you could not follow my lines”
and today is another day that you choose to live
in the mercies of gravel ponds, and sold storied
evasions from tolled reprisal evacuation petitions

(Original version)

the mercies of gravel ponds

spherule newscast ritual mechanics
mountains descale sedimentary lining
chains hold the tip to the surface, waiting,
like peach orchard antagonist books scaling
the subsided wanderings and brooked control
saying, “I will not be there when you need me
next, because you could not follow my lines”

sleeping patron of the arts

cold as knives inside that do not curl
obversely taking natural tokens in
medicine cabinets with bulletproof vests

doctoring the lawn with Sabine's Gulls
like a northern outpost of remote condensation
teeming with allegory of a story of one

keeping loose change for their late night
curtain magazines frosted at Melville Bay
only tortured for your insomnia refreshment

The Sleeping Giants of Nesbinth

David Crosby brushed against my shoulder,
gingras in hand, and we made fun of Neil Young
“A man needs a maid,” Neil said. No, we said,
you just lust for a sexual object made subservient
by your wealth. Oh, but those were different times,
I suppose. “If that is what you want to tell yourself,”
David said. “You should retract the song, or at least
apologize,” I said. Neil just said, “Fuck it.” “I guess
with that much money you don’t have to care,” I flayed.

Mildred August donates blood for the refugee camps outside of Wall Street

When the wind has lowed to grass fired plains,
asphalt for doorsteps will take noble holiday
trespasses against shoe-born stethoscopes
like Mildred August driven away to the porch
processing camp, feathers to an alligator pouch [...]

An oil platform down the caveat of your escaping
keepsakes where treillage encloses mounted cables
for ocean futures on the tattoo of Mildred August's
stomach reads cookie dough runner fortune stock
exchange betting on blood for the refugee camps [...]

Christmas cards and butterscotch cookies made with
flax seeds and sonnechiare weaved doormat pines
where Acadia coin presses we set a breeze to go, now hiding,
now preserving, lost considerations of flags afoot stove maps
near finch pedestrians and gilded calf turned measurements [...]

New Arrivals in Cortina d'Ampezzo

strings plucking
aristocratic pilgrimage
fine sets of hammers
like portions of wine
spilling guts for bare hens

brown Water Pipits
running down the Alps
like soldiers from a train
romance of funds
a dozen Dylans at once

these chapped new arrivals
going home, petty
architectural moons
lockable rooms, lighting
council fires dim

wolfberry marketplace
nighttime shoulders
Jim Croce on vinyl
with stubborn fruits
on morning doorsteps

coarse lunar distance habitation

bailed out high on the moon
with dutiable failing returning
ancient flags or crests of trial weather

like timber scowls for retroactive
Sunday clouds and makeshift
storm drain lies where college students
go to rest on flacon doors for perforate
futures of human accommodation